

"What fools these mortals be."

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



NEW YORK'S REPUBLICAN "STANDARD-BEARER."



THE POINT OF VIEW.



KNOW A MAID," said Tom to me,
"A tender, sympathetic creature;
Pure-hearted, all sincerity,
With truth's imprint on every feature.
Surely a lovely soul shines through
Its windows in her eyes of blue."

"The maid I speak of," Dick observed,
"Is learned, naturally clever,
But cold, indifferent, and reserved.
I ask her 'when,' she answers 'never.'
And yet my hopes her heart pursue;
There's promise in her eyes of blue!"

"Mine is a maiden" (Harry smiled)
"So full of fun, so bright and jolly—
As happy-hearted as a child—
She does n't speak to melancholy.
She's winsome, wise, and witty, too;
And, by the way, *her* eyes are blue."

By separate questioning I find
All had the self-same maid in mind!

S. D. S., Jr.

DON'T GET too far ahead of the times, or you will not be able to help them catch up.

O MAN! Poor Man!
Your life is but a span;
Yet while you live you seem
At least a six-horse team.



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ANOTHER VIEW.

JINKS. — If you women had to earn your money, you would n't be so fond of spending it!

MRS. JINKS. — Earn it, indeed! How would you men feel if you had to beg yours?

FORCE OF HABIT.

CUSTOMER. — What has become of that new waiter?

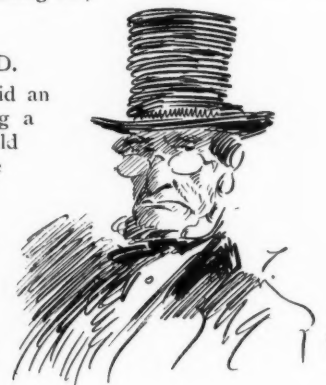
RESTAURANT PROPRIETOR. — We had to let him go. Could n't restrain him from calling out, "Twice on the terrapin!"

HIS GREATEST NEED.

"Pardon me, boss," said an unfortunate beggar, accosting a gentleman on the street; "could you do me the favor of the price of a sandwich? I hain't tasted food for two days."

"Pardon me," said the gentleman five minutes later, accosting the beggar as he emerged from a saloon; "I understood you to tell me you had n't tasted food for two days, and yet you spent that nickel I gave you for beer."

"That's right, boss—but I had n't tasted beer for two days and a half."



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ANOTHER CASE OF BRIBERY.

BOY (to CLERK). — Say, do you want to make a pack of cigarettes?

CLERK (surprised). — Yes! How?

BOY. — Well, that's my mother there, and she wants to buy a hair-brush. Tell her them big heavy ones with the rough iron backs is bad fer rheumatism, and will make the hair fall out, and you get the pack.

SOFT ANSWERS do not turn away the wrath caused by soft coal.

FOR ONE man who can stand prosperity there are ten who would like to try.

FOR "CARTOONS AND COMMENTS," SEE SEVENTH PAGE.



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SOME OTHER GIRL IN LUCK.

MR. MANYPOPS (*excitedly*).—Mother, I just saw that George Bonds kiss our Mary out there behind the ferns.

MRS. MANYPOPS.—Oh, you must be mistaken! There stands Mary over there, and she has n't been out of my sight the whole evening.

MR. MANYPOPS.—Confound it! Just as soon as the least spark of hope springs up in my heart, you quench it!

A SMOKER'S LOVE-SONG.



I.

HE SWAIN who leaves his sweetheart's praise
Ingloriously unshed abroad,
Is deviating from the ways
His gallant predecessors trod.

II.

The songs they sung are so bestrewn
With "roses," "doves" and "dark-
blue seas,"
That only poets of renown
May safely use such similes.

III.

And so, fresh images to seek,
I'll fill my sweetest briar full
Of "Gold Leaf," "Turkish" and "Perique,"
And from it inspiration pull.

IV.

My love outshines all maids by far!
However fair be they!
To her they're as a cheap cigar
Unto a "Henry Clay."

V.

Her sunny hair so thickly grows
That, when its bands are broke,
It forms in waves, and, falling, flows
Like rolling wreaths of smoke.

VI.

Her breath, like airs from spice-filled ships—
A rich Havana's incense rare—
Its ruby burning tip—her lips—
How fealty all compare!

VII.

And when to me a kiss she gives,
'Tis "mellow, rich and ripe,"
As amber-filtered, nectar whiffs
Born in a briar pipe.

VIII.

A pledge I'll vow of fealty,
This song of praise completing;
My love to her shall lasting be
As whiffs of smoke are fleeting.

Frank Savin Bailey.



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STRICTLY ORTHODOX.

ROSENBAUM.—Ikey Jacobs is such a strict Hebrew dot he von't
even blay foot-ball

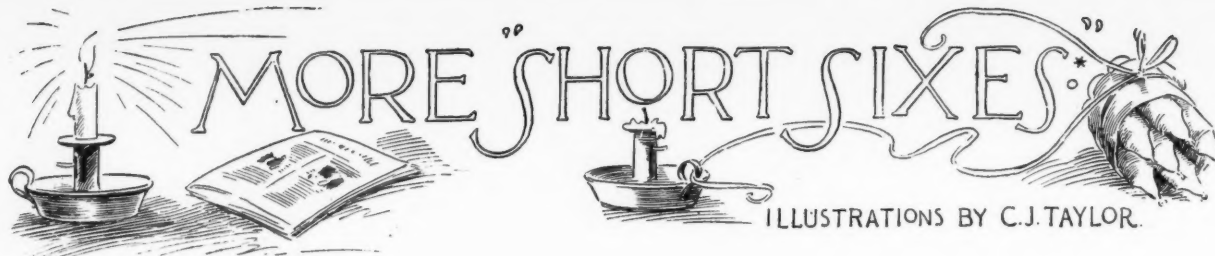
EPSTEIN.—Vat is dere wrong about foot-ball?

ROSENBAUM.—Chasing der pigskin, of course.

CATCHING UP ON THE POSTAGE STAMPS.

FRIEND.—Well, still wasting the midnight oil?

STRUGGLING AUTHOR.—Wasting it? I guess not. I've made
three times the price of the oil.



BY H.C. BUNNER.

XI.

A PLAIN GIRL. (Concluded.)

THE NEXT day Tom committed the serious mistake of remonstrating with Mary. It sometimes pays to remonstrate with a woman, but not frequently, and *never* unless you know exactly what she is up to. Tom got nothing by his remonstrance except getting put in his place in a way which made him feel there was no getting out of it. He was reminded that Mary had her duties; he was asked if he desired her to neglect them, and he was accused of wounding a tender heart by a cruel suspicion born of the deepest selfishness. Then he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had made her cry, and altogether he felt like killing himself.

The days went on, but the situation remained the same. If Tom saw Mary alone, it was at some hour unsuitable for what the French call "expansions." It is difficult for the tender sentiment to expand while the object of a heart's devotion is washing tea cups or putting whale-oil soap on rose-bushes. Of Gussie and Annie and both the Berties and the rest of "the preparatories," as they were called, he saw much more than he wanted to — so much, indeed, that, much against his will he had to learn their names and their separate identities, and to distinguish one from the other. And never before, probably, were six really pretty girls so outrageously slighted by a young man of marriageable age. Tom tried his best to be civil, and even courteous; but after he had had ten days of acting as escort and cavalier in general to the whole seven, he came to the conclusion that they were the most helpless set of young women he had ever encountered, and that perhaps Mary was not so much to blame as he had thought for her neglect. "They do seem," he admitted to himself, "to require more attention than any other girls I ever heard of. Why, I had to take that Bertie girl with a big hat down to the store to buy a piece of ribbon, and Gussie Thingumabob can't walk down the street after supper without having me to look after her. It's my opinion Mary has done too much for them. Let them alone, and they'd be more self-reliant. Anyway, I don't see why I should have to help to nuss 'em."

What with brooding over the fleeting days and his scanty allowance of Mary, Tom, who was generally good nature's self, began to grow surly, and his fair charges among themselves called him a "bear." It can not be said that, except in one case, they minded much. They were all pretty. The town was full of summering folk, and all had adorers enough, with perhaps a few to spare; and Tom was, at the best, that stupidest of things, a hopelessly engaged man.

The one case where Tom's increasing sullenness of manner produced an unpleasant effect was that of little Bessie Bailey, the youngest of the seven "preparatories" and the spoiled child of the household. But "spoiled child" is a very clumsy term to use as applied to little Bessie. The tenderness which had surrounded her from infancy had spoiled none of her sweetness and gentleness, and had only served to keep her in ignorance of the fact that there were such things as unkindness and unfriendliness in the world. She was a mere child at seventeen or eighteen, innocent, pretty, and so lovable and sweet of disposition that it is probable that the first human being who had ever looked upon her with unkindly eyes was good-natured Tom Littleburgh; and, instead of his unkindness — to give it no harsher name — leaving her indifferent, as might have been expected, it stirred her to a deep and fervent indignation. It was the first slight the poor child had ever known, and her whole soul rose up against it. She was amazed and puzzled and mortified; and when a girl gets up as many emotions as that over a man, she is in a mighty near way of falling in love with him, and poor little Bessie Bailey was certainly losing her spirits, because, for the first time in her young life, a man had been cool — perhaps a little more than cool — to her.

Poor Tom was not insensible to this state of affairs. In fact, Mary rebuked him for it herself.

"Since you must be thrown with the poor little thing, Tom, you might be just pleasant with her; it's only for a few days, you know."

"Yes; that's just it," said Tom, desperately; "it is only for a few days — too confounded few days."

But Mary only left him with a rebuking smile to go about that endless train of duties, and she had no sooner departed than the old Professor stepped up and somewhat diffidently asked his young friend and son-in-law to be if he would not be so kind as to assist Miss Bessie Bailey in a difficult point in trigonometry.

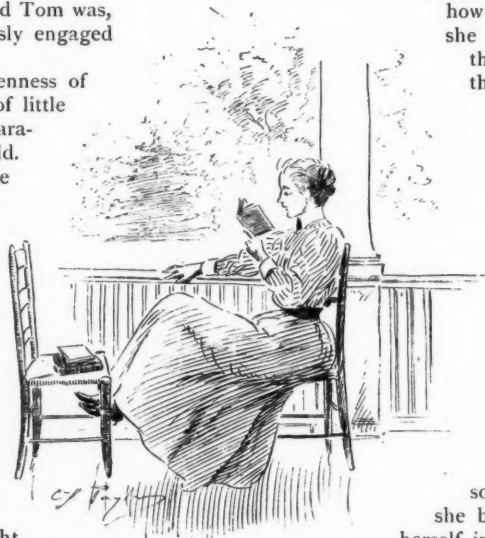
"I hate, of course, to ask you to trouble yourself in your vacation time, but I am in a very unpleasant predicament. Miss Trunkett, my mathematical teacher, is ill and can not attend to her work, and I am no mathematician. Mary, of course, is able to help me out to some extent, but trigonometry is beyond poor Mary, and I fear, I greatly fear, I shall have to trespass on your kindness."

With murder in his heart Tom sought the stuffy classroom where he had passed the first morning after his arrival, and there sat Bessie and raised a pair of reproachful fawn-like eyes toward him from the great book with all its wearisome figures. Tom explained what he had been sent for and Bessie only said "Oh!" in a tone that she might have used had he explained that he was the executioner; and they went to work.

But the lesson was long and hard and what Bessie called "horrid," and Bessie was not bright about trigonometry and Bessie would play with her pencils. These things so rattled and irritated Tom that he made one final pull on his manhood and determined to be good and kind and patient and considerate even if he had to drop down dead when he got through with it.

And the worst of it was that he saw that Bessie saw just how matters stood. She saw that he was not a bear; she saw that he naturally was not gruff or rude or thoughtless of other people's feelings. She caught the kindly inflections of his natural voice whenever she did anything that deserved the least commendation, and once for ten or fifteen minutes they got to be quite friendly when Tom gave her a little rest and filled up the time by telling her something about himself and his work and his early struggles.

Now Tom did not in the least mean to do this for any ulterior motive. He was not in the habit of talking about himself, and he was too simple-minded a fellow to know that, among men of the world, talking about one's self is a favorite way of making love. But he did see from Bessie's manner and her few shy speeches that he was getting himself into worse trouble than before. He saw that Bessie had wholly revised her judgement of him, and that as soon as she became conscious of a conviction of error she began to rush to the other extreme and to accuse herself in her own mind of being a desperately wicked girl whose frivolity and stupidity and thoughtlessness must have been a great annoyance to this distinguished, high-minded and earnest man whose knowledge and experience set him so many miles above her. The symptoms of emotion working in her young breast on her own account were patent to even unobservant Tom, and they irritated him the more that he could not help contrasting to himself the gentle submissiveness of this tender young nature with Mary's cold-blooded self-sufficiency. "Here's a girl," he said to himself, "who would manage to get some time out of twelve days to talk alone with a lover who had come hundreds of miles to see her." And as he thought thus he cast a side glance at Bessie and noticed really for the first time how pretty she



was. The lesson was resumed, but Bessie's attention wandered, Tom's conscience fidgeted, and finally, when he had occasion to look for a pencil in a hurry and found Bessie absent-mindedly stacking them up with the chalks and pens in the well of the ink-stand, he uttered an exclamation of utter irritation — he never remembered exactly what it was, except that there was a damn in it somewhere — and before it was finished poor little Bessie was in a flood, a passion, an agony of tears, sobbing, trembling and wringing her hands.

Tom was unaccustomed to these expressions of feminine emotions, and they scared him, as he subsequently said, stiff; moreover, they opened the flood gates of his heart, and he felt as one might who, in a passion, had maimed a baby. He tried his best to console her and quiet her, but with clumsy, ignorant, nervous effort; and her paroxysms of grief only grew more violent as they grew more silent, for she seemed to be willing to render him any submission in her power. Her low murmurs of self-reproach and self-accusation, her extravagant appeals for pardon, and the oblivion of complete contempt — all these childish speeches stuck knives into his earnest, tender heart. And just then he heard the Professor's heavy footfall coming deliberately down the long corridor. He looked about him in a frenzy.

"My dear Miss Bailey, — Bessie! I can't let them see you like this. What the devil shall I do? Oh, here! come here, child!" And, throwing his arm about the small form, he kicked open the one French window of the stuffy

little room and bolted out with Bessie from the smell of ink and chalk and slates to where the moonlight shone on the garden at the back of the house with the orchard beyond it, and the glen and its whispering stream below.



Tom did not know what he was saying to Bessie when Mary found them half an hour later with the little girl's head pillowed on the big man's breast; but if she had wanted to she could have assured him that in all her experience as head teacher in an institution for preparing young ladies for college she had never seen a more pronounced case of moon-struck love-making.

Bessie fled with a shriek. Tom dropped his hands by his side and stood looking doggedly at Mary, who gazed at him with a strange and inexplicable expression.

"You saw," he said, at last.

"Yes," she said; "and oh, Tom, I am so happy!" and then she wound her arms around Tom's neck, laid her head about six inches above where Bessie's had been, and sighed with satisfaction, as only a true woman can sigh.

"Tom," she said, as he stood speechless, "do you remember when you asked me to marry you? You told me that you had never made love to any girl in your life. I knew that must be true, Tom, or you never would have been fool enough to say it. I am plain, Tom, but I'm proud, too. Now, for the rest of the time you're here, Tom, I sha'n't leave you one single moment from morning till night, and I'll try to make up, dear."

And she did.

WOMAN'S INHUMANITY TO WOMAN.

She prided herself she was "almond-eyed" —
But all joy from her escaped
When she heard her chiefest charm described
By her dearest friend as "eyes pig-shaped."

R. L. M.

AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE.

HOBBS.—I never saw any one so fond of his relatives as Van Winkle is.

NOBBS.—How do you know?

HOBBS.—He always speaks to every one of them he meets on the street.



AMUSING THE CHILDREN.

MRS. RAZATONI.—Are you through worka for d' day?

MRS. SPIGHETTI.—Yes. Now hava time giva d' children some pleasure.

A FLANK MOVEMENT.

MEPHISTO.—Well, I'm tired! Spent all the afternoon in a New York apartment house, inciting two young ladies to sing hymns.

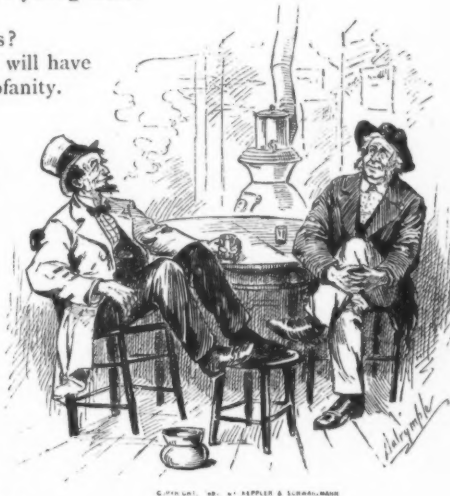
BEELZEBUB.—To sing hymns?

MEPHISTO.—Yes. I think I will have every one else in the house for profanity.

THE STRUGGLE FOR SOCIAL SUPREMACY.

STRANGER.—There seems to be a great deal of social rivalry here in this village.

JAY BARNES (*native, Hay Corners*).—Yep; but the Smith's hev the call now. The crayon pictures they got of their grandpap and Aunt Marthy, and their new red plush parlor furniture, make the Joneses sing small, now, about the rustic centre table their Uncle Jim made in the penitentiary.



LIVES OF great men remind us of little episodes in our own.

A SAFETY MATCH.—Daisy Bell's Wedding.

GEOLOGISTS REPORT that their collections are hard.

"HAVE YOU ever been to Europe?"
"No; I have no relatives there."

THE FLY probably considers the cow's tail a nuisance.

PROHIBITIONIST.—Do you vote as you pray?
POLITICIAN.—No. I vote oftener.

RANTER.—I seldom have a thought of an audience when I am acting.

PROMPTER.—There is usually very little to remind you of one.

THE LIGHT THAT DID NOT FAIL.

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"Got a light?"
"No, sir."



"Oh, well! never mind —"



"— this'll do nicely."

A FUNERAL HYMN.

THE OLD Earth to her end has come,
For yesterday she died;
Died — and Eternity has come
To all who did abide.
Pardon my words if they should seem
To your post-mortem ears
Too flippant for so great a theme,
For doubts war with my fears.

Dead is the Earth, and I no more
A mortal being stand,
But spirit-like I upward soar
To join the Heavenly Band;
For Mabel swore to me in May
As long as Earth should be
She would be true: she yesterday
Was married — not to me!

Richard Stillman Powell.

WHERE RICHES AVAILETH NOT.

SNIP! Snip! Snip!

The millionaire bank president sat in his luxurious private office, clipping coupons. A red coal fire threw a cheerful glow across the room. On every side were the evidences of wealth and comfort.

Snip! Snip! Snip! A scowl darkened the banker's ruddy face.

Outside the bitter winds made the wretched outcasts of the street shiver in their rags. Through the searching cold of the chill November day misery and hunger stalked abroad.

And the pampered millionaire sat in warmth and comfort, clipping his coupons with a scowl upon his face.

At last he stops; the frown is deeper, blacker. "Cuss it!" he says; "I must have a hundred and fifty more before I can secure that real granite-ware 'Kitchen Queen' coffee pot!"

With a gesture of despair he threw away the mutilated Sunday paper.

DISCRIMINATION.

BROWN. — Oh, no! I'm not opposed to women riding bicycles. There are some I would like to see give all their spare time to it.

MRS. BROWN. — Who are they?

BROWN. — Well, for instance, the young ladies in this neighborhood who are learning to play the piano.

FREQUENTLY PEOPLE will get into the soup just from being too fly.

A SILVER HOOK is a great advantage in fishing for compliments.

JASPAR. — There is sometimes an intelligible poem in the magazines.

JUMPUPPE. — Yes; they occasionally publish rhyming soap ads.



"Gee whiz! That must have been Sandscow, the Human Hercules."

A TRUISM.

Though mothers fume when young men call,
And wonder if they'll ever
Get up and go, their daughters know
It's better late than never.

R. F. Wilson.

IN KNIGHTLY TIMES.

She shrieked in her distress.
Ere the sound had ceased to echo from the battlements a knight stood before her.

"Didst call for help?" he asked.

With stately grandeur she rose.

"Yes," she said. "Have you any recommendations from your last employer?"

LOVE MAY be blind; but self-love has I's to spare.

MONEY is the root of all evil; but poor relations are not much better.

A MISS is as good as a mile; but designing widows are better at two miles.



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AT LONESOMEHURST.

MRS. SUBBUBS'S PAPA. — John down to the station without an umbrella, eh? Well, your old father did n't belong to the life-saving service for nothing, Mary.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IN HIS OWN TRAP.

THE DEADLIEST foe of David B. Hill could have wished him no greater piece of ill-luck than befell him when the Democratic State Convention made him its candidate for Governor of New York. Democrats who wanted to try to be Governor of New York this year were scarce. It was one of those rare instances where the office was seeking the man. It sought long and diligently, only to be evaded at every turn by eligible but cautious men who saw defeat ahead. When these eligibles had thinned out until only Senator Hill was left, he was held up at the point of a gun, as it were, and forced to surrender. It was a harsh retribution, yet not unjustly harsh, when we remember that Mr. Hill has been inviting retribution of some sort ever since he began his two-penny political career. He has only himself to blame for his present plight. In 1888 he made himself Governor of his state by selling out a Presidential election. By 1892 he believed he had grown to be a national leader, one for whom the Presidential chair was yawning. Unfortunately his conception of the qualities that make a national leader was artless and hazy and altogether inadequate. The real calibre of Mr. Hill was never so clearly shown as in the Spring of that eventful year when he tried to win a Presidential nomination with the tricks of a ward politician. Of course he was sat upon and otherwise maltreated, and the man he tried to "throw down" as the ward bosses phrase it, was elected by an astonishingly big majority; but a worse thing happened to D. B. Hill in the Spring of '92: he was branded for all time to come as a peanut politician; — a man lacking the honor, dignity and decency of a statesman, and possessing the instincts and unscrupulous shrewdness of a ward-heeler.

Mr. Hill had exposed his shortcomings to the people, but he had endeared himself to the Machine. The lower he fell in the regard of the people the better Machine politician he became. When he tried to put a man he had incited to theft on the bench of the State's highest court, Mr. Hill dropped as low as he possibly could in the regard of the people, but rose to sublime heights in the estimation of the Machine. Now, when you have been upheld by a Machine continuously for many years, and have been carried to victory by it many times, you belong to that Machine body and soul, even though you have risen to be United States Senator. If the Machine calls upon you to commit hari-kari, you must step forward promptly and perform that unpleasant oriental rite upon yourself; otherwise you would be scorned and degraded, even by the Machine, and, in that event, having previously lost the respect of all decent people, you would be in a very bad way, indeed, politically speaking. The Machine rulers, in their extremity, fell back on Mr. Hill, and he was forced to make the sacrifice. Of course "sacrifice" was not the term used by them. They said to Mr. Hill that a "grave emergency" had arisen which demanded the strongest man of the party to meet it; that he was the one Democrat who could insure Democratic victory, and that they relied upon him to do so. Mr. Hill's resistance to these flattering overtures was earnest, but restrained and decorous. He carefully sounded the other available Democrats and discovered that none of them quite saw his way clear to accept the nomination. Even after he had been honored by the nomination he was magnanimous enough to say that he would cheerfully withdraw in favor of Judge Gaynor, or any other eminent Democrat who could better harmonize the discords that threatened Democratic supremacy. But Judge Gaynor and the others were skeptical on the harmony question, and Mr. Hill has been left on the sacrificial altar. Judge Gaynor, indeed, was so incredulous about harmony in general that he refused to be or the ticket at all — in a letter which shows him to be a pitifully weak and wishy-washy sort of a man. With Mr. Hill at its head, the Democratic Machine is leading a forlorn hope. Mr. Hill is especially forlorn, for he knows he is going to be held accountable by the people for his

political crimes. He frankly says the outlook is gloomy, but that he is going to make a strong fight, despite the criminal indifference of the administration at Washington, — the same that he has always tried so earnestly to knife.

But Mr. Hill is not the only man in a trap in the State of New York to-day. Every voter, Democrat or Republican, is in a trap of his own building. It must be a mortifying reflection to the decent voters of both parties that in the coming election for Governor they must consider not which is the better man for the place, but which will have less power for evil. It is a humiliating and disgraceful state of affairs. We are all in a trap together this year, and it remains to be seen if the intelligent citizen can extricate himself. As for Mr. Hill, he seems to be permanently trapped.

ASKING TOO MUCH.

CANDIDATE.—Here are a couple of dozen of my pasters I'd like you to use.

FRIEND.—A couple of dozen! I'll do anything in reason, but I can't vote as often as that!

AN OBJECTION.

MR. PUSH.—I regret to hear that you are opposing the nomination of Major Rantwell to the legislature. He is a good talker, and would make a useful member.

MR. PULL.—My objection is that his speeches are too much like a political procession — he is always four hours in passing a given point.

BOGGS.—Van Pelt is getting quite a reputation as a political reformer.

FOGGS.—How's that?

BOGGS.—One year he forgets to register, and can't vote, and the next he thinks to register, but forgets to vote.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

He lived to show that wit may be
Divinely kind, divinely wise;
That, looking on earth's misery,
The clearest are the kindest eyes.

And when Death came to find our friend —
As loath to do the world such wrong —
He took his tenderest way to end
At once his service and his song.

H. C. Bunner.



"HARMONY? WHY, CERTAINLY!"



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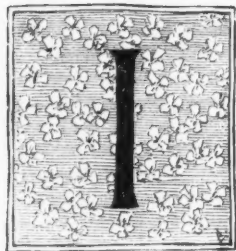
CAUGHT IN HIS OWN



MAGAZINE HUMOR.

(Specially Extracted and Condensed from the "Hightone Monthly.")

SCINTILLATIONS.



INTO EVERY brain some ideas must fall.

Second love is often best.

Stars are but the tallow tips of eternity.

An empty head makes the most noise.

James Clarence Ringcoloden.

AN APRIL BREEZE.

Gently sweeps the wind,
Gently falls the dew;
April flowers are very sweet,
And, darling, so are you!

Alicazander B. Roundout.

SUSY'S AT TH' GATE.

Th' sun 's a-goin' down,
Th' cows their fodder chaw;
Th' city folks thinks me a clown,
But dif'runt thinks my maw.
An' what care I fer smiles er frowns
From little er from great,
Ef I see beyond th' clover downs
My Susy 's at th' gate?

Mrs. Johnson S. Trepizom-Bloomer.

THE GENERAL'S SURPRISE.

On the evening before the battle of Bull Run, General Bayonet, deep in meditation, strayed some distance from his tent, and, by one of those sudden changes of camp lines frequently necessary at such times, he found himself, on his return, outside his own sentinels, many of whom were recruits but just arrived and who, but a week before, had been quietly pursuing their vocations in civil life.

"Who goes there?" shouted an ex-carpenter in uniform.

"I am General Bayonet," was the dignified reply.

"That so?" said the sentinel, affably. "Happy to meet you. I am Hank Hudson, of Podunk."

Lieut. J. R. Bungton.

THE POET'S FATE.

Once I wrote a sonnet
On a Summer bonnet;
Iambics and other icks
Spread I thick upon it.
This so pleased a maiden,
Who read my verse love-laden,
She married me against my will
And then presented me the bill.

Algernon Van Riordan Squibbs.

PROVERBS.

Eat while the steak is hot.

Every purse has a bottom.

Good jokes are immortal.

Money levels all ranks.

What is one man's humor is another man's medicine.

Henry Herbert Walsingham, Sr.

EVERY MAN should have a keen appreciation of his own abilities and of the necessity of keeping his estimate to himself.

RICH PEOPLE always have poor relations; but poor people are not always blessed with rich relatives.



IRONY OF FATE.

MR. DOOLEY (*coming in*).—This do be har-r-d luck!

MRS. DOOLEY.—Phut is it, Moike—did n't ye git the job?

MR. DOOLEY (*ruefully*).—I did thot, bad cess to it! Out o' wor-r-ruk all Summer, an' as soon as cold weather comes on I gits a job dhrivin' an ice-wagon.

CARE FOR THE CONVALESCENT.

PATIENT'S HUSBAND.—Doctor, won't you please give strict orders that she must not read the newspapers?

DOCTOR.—I don't think it would hurt her.

PATIENT'S HUSBAND.—Yes, it would. Goods that she bought just before she became ill are marked down thirty per cent.

FOILED.



CUPID PULLED his bow-string tight
With his practised art;
Straight his arrow made its flight
Into Strephon's heart.

Cupid laughed; but Strephon then
Plucked the arrow out;
Fashioned it to be a pen; —
Cupid watched in doubt.

With his pen poor Strephon writes;
Tender stories tells,
Gentle poems he indites;
All of which he sells.

Cupid cries and storms around;
Swears with bows he's done;
Next time he would Strephon wound
He will use a gun.

Layton Brewer.

GOING THE PRESENT CHAMPIONS ONE BETTER.

TEACHER.—What do you intend to be when you grow up, Johnny?

JOHNNY.—A prize-fighter, Ma'am.

TEACHER.—I am surprised and pained at your ignoble ambition! We all live but for posterity, Johnny; remember that. The architect leaves his mighty works, the poet his poems, the painter his pictures, and so on. But the petty, brutal triumphs of the prize-fighter are forgotten in his own day.

JOHNNY.—Huh! I'd talk in a phonograph!

A SHREWD MATCH-BREAKER.

PATER.—No, sir; I can not allow you to marry my daughter.

SUITOR.—But I love her!

PATER.—There's a family secret I must tell you.

SUITOR.—Speak, speak!

PATER.—There's insanity in the family. She is deranged.

SUITOR.—What is her mania, then?

PATER.—Her desire to marry you.

A NECK-AND-NECK-RACE — Swans and Geese.



HOPEFUL SIGN.

GROCER.—I rather think the new boy is going to get along.

PARTNER.—He does n't know our customers yet.

GROCER.—He knows enough to address all the married women as "Miss."

PLEASANT READING.

Her face is like an open book

Her lover reads with delectation;

For, should a thousand times he look,

He'd only find the dedication.

A WORD FROM the wise is often all we care to hear.

THE COMPENSATION OF ADVERSITY.

RICHAUGH.—Lord, I wish I were you.

POORLEIGH.—For heaven's sake, why?

RICHAUGH.—Why, you can have the fun of proposing to every girl you meet and be sure of being refused!

NOW-A-DAYS.

"How is everything?"

"Being investigated."

MANAGING EDITOR.—What kind of a Sunday paper are we going to get out this week?

NIGHT EDITOR.—Pretty crummy, I'm afraid.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Well, knock a hole in the reporters' stuff, and set 'em to writing personal ads.

STILL SHE hesitated.

"You are poor," she argued; "while I have a million."

Springing forward impetuously, he gathered her to his bosom.

"I will marry you," he cried, "for all that!"

"BUT WHY do you place such confidence in her advice to accept him?"

"Why, she has been married four times!"

OH, LIBERTY! what marriages are repented in thy name!

IT MAY HAVE HAPPENED.

SIR TRISTAM.—By my halidome! what is this I see? — a hole in my shirt of mail! — and on the day of the tournament, too! Speak, woman; how came it there?

THE LADY AENID.—Good, my lord, I much do fear me that the hired hand-maiden must have sent it to the steam laundry, by mistake!



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25c. Dealers. 30c. by Mail.



END VIEW.



SIDE VIEW.

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BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,
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of disease feed on life, and are only overcome by the making of sound, healthy tissue.

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Odors from Perspiration

Speedy Relief by Using

Packer's
Tar Soap

"It Soothes while it Cleanses."

Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.

A PENNSYLVANIA WEDDING.
FIRST NEIGHBOR (in the coal regions).—How did zee weddingski come offski?

SECOND NEIGHBOR.—Very stylishski. Twenty-three heads brokenski. —*New York Weekly.*

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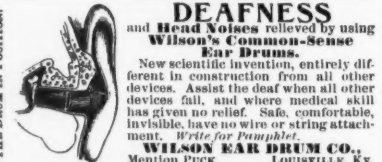
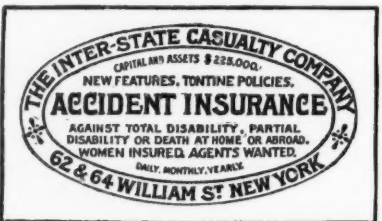
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- 85. Lonesomehurst. Being Puck's Best Things About Suburban Weal and Woe.
- 84. Mugs. Being Puck's Best Things About Farcial Features.
- 83. On the Go. Being Puck's Best Things About The Summer Stampede.
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MR. VAN CORTLANDT.—"Yes, my dear, your hat's on straight. You never hear me ask such a question."

MRS. VAN CORTLANDT.—"No, it's unnecessary. A Knox Hat always looks well whether it's on straight or not."

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A WASTED WARNING.
LONG.—There's a dangerous counterfeited twenty-dollar bill out; you want to be careful."

SHORT.—That's all right. A twenty-dollar bill always comes to me in installments.—*Detroit Free Press.*



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These brewings counteract all tendency of the blood to become sluggish, and tone the system to a condition essential to health, and fortify the body against fatigue and danger of overwork.

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ONE spoony girl in a deserted conservatory is worth two in a crowded ballroom.—*Texas Siftings.*

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- 75. Gadding. Being Puck's Best Things About the World Afloat.
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- 73. Cracked Ice. Being Puck's Best Things About The Sweltering Season.
- 72. Hash. Being Puck's Best Things About Feed and Feeders.
- 71. Steady Company. Being Puck's Best Things About Keeping It.
- 70. On the Rialto. Being Puck's Best Things About "Hams" and Hamlets.



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THERE is a Harlem girl so modest that she won't listen to a bear story.—*Texas Siftings.*

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HOPE LEFT. WIFE (reading).—I see Senator Mander-son proposes the tak- ing of the tariff out of politics— HUSBAND.—Well, what if they do? "Why, there won't be any great public question before the public then, will there?" "Y-o-u bet there will!" "What is it, dear?" "Office!" — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

STORMY WEATHER. WISHLETS.—Did you get wet the other night, going home in that terrible rain- storm?

BISHLETS.—No; I got home all right; but when I got into the house my wife soaked me for staying out so late.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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The Smith & Wesson Hammerless Safety Revolver can't be fired unin- tionally.

Purposely directed pressure, simulta- neously exerted on stock and trigger, is necessary to discharge it. Accidents are impossible. The only absolutely safe arm for pocket or home protection.

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A POLICEMAN'S PERIL.

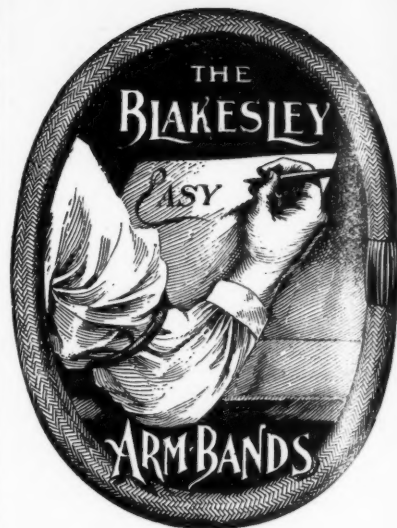
"Doran wor put an duty in citizens' clothes th' other noight," said a mem- ber of the force.

"How 'd he get along?"

"Ter'ble. Not wan o' the fruit-stand dagos reco'ized 'im widout s uniform, an' the poor mon loike to starved to death."—*Wash. Star.*

A north Georgia candidate for office broke his leg by jump- ing from a train. That man will hardly have a walkover.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THERE is an in- creasing impression that the dog days were somehow belated this year.—*Washington Star.*



SHORT SIXES.

Stories to be read while the Candle Burns.

By H. C. Bunner. Illustrated by C. J. Taylor and others. Paper, 50c. Cloth, \$1.00.

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WHY SHE KICKED.

LIVING SKELETON.—Why do you object to sitting next to the India Rubber Man? CHIEF LADY.—Well, I know these long hours are tiresome; but he had such an offensive way of stretching when he yawned that I just could n't stand it any longer.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away."

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-to- bac, the only harmless guaranteed tobacco - habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, use "No-to- bac." Braces up nicotineized n rves, eliminates nicot- ine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded. Sold by Book at druggist, or mailed free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago office, 45 R indolph St.; New York, 10 Spruce St.

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AUTUMN THOUGHTS.
Yellow are the forest trees,
Yellow is the vine,
Slight the yellowness of these
Beside our base-ball nine.
—*Washington Star.*

BOKER'S BITTERS, a specific against Dyspepsia, an appetizer and a delicacy in drinks.

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AMATEUR MARITIME LAW.
LANDSMAN.—When two boats are
in danger of collision, which one steers
off and gets out of the way?
YACHTSMAN.—The one that's last
painted. —*Street & Smith's Good News.*

Bad Effects from Excesses

in
Eating
and
Drinking

Speedily Corrected by Bromo-Seltzer

EVIDENCE.

"What makes you think that Drillins hates his fellow-man?"
"He says the ambition of his life is to be a dentist with a large practice." —*Washington Star.*

"WHAT was the trouble over at the Woman's Club yesterday afternoon? I
never heard such talking."

"Oh, it was the first whist party they've had this Fall." —*Inter Ocean.*

WE never see a citron without thinking it should be arrested for trying to look
like a watermelon. —*Atchison Globe.*

EVERY cloud has a silver lining, but many of them fail to turn over. —*Peck's Sun.*

IF the bass drum could think, it would probably wonder why it has to keep
still so much. —*Ram's Horn.*

A GEOLOGIST.
KITTY.—That Cash-
unter is a regular
matrimonial geolo-
gist.
FANNY.—How?
KITTY.—He's al-
ways on the hunt for
"the rocks." —*Detroit
Free Press.*

"I GUESS there's
something wrong with
this clock."
"Does n't it keep
regular time?"
"Well, it does n't
seem quite right. We
've had it a month and
never set it back or
forward once." —*Inter
Ocean.*



"It Tickles the Palate."
It's Worthy a Place on the Best Tables.
Put up in hermetically sealed glass jars. A miniature jar
of the Cheese will be sent to any address on receipt of 10c.
in stamps. "I am exceedingly pleased with the Cheese."
—*Mrs. S. T. Rorer.*
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**Cheese
Fanciers**
everywhere find
a pleasing Deli-
cacy in the soft,
rich
**American
Club House
Cheese.**

**A SMALL BOY'S
VIEW.**
MOTHER.—There
goes another one of
those dirty tramps. I
can't see why they
don't keep clean, any-
how.
SMALL SON.—Meb-
by w'en they was little
their mothers made
them wash so often
they got sick of it. —
*Street & Smith's Good
News.*

MARRIAGE is the
hereafter of courtship,
and people never
know what it will be
till they go there. —
Detroit Free Press.

**A NOVELTY IN
Bath Robes!**
The famous Star & Crescent Bath Robes
are now made in all the
LEADING COLLEGE STRIPES
Quality superb. Made under our "Fast
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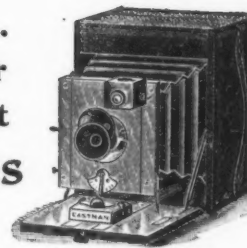
KINDRED SPIRITS.

THE DEACON.—This is a temperance hotel, is n't it?
PROPRIETOR.—Strictly; ask your friends not to make any noise in the bar-room.

A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD.
ALL READY FOR USE, NO MIXING.



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The Folding Kodak.

If in selecting an instrument he chooses one that
is not too limited in the range of work it
will do; is adapted to hand or tripod use and
is light and compact.

Now take the Kodak, it is not expensive but
it has a good lens, uses plates or films, takes
snap shot or time pictures and focuses with
index or on the ground glass. New improved
shutter, revolving stops, and speed regulator
for shutter. Latest improvements, finest adjust-
ments, handsome finish. Prices \$12.00 to \$20.00.

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Kodaks and Kodets.

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Offers at par and accrued interest, \$425,000 of its 7
percent. Gold Bonds of \$1,000 each, due 1913. Total issue,
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& TRUST CO., New York, who will deliver the Bonds
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of application can be had of YUMA IMPROVEMENT CO.,
United Bank Building, 2 Wall Street, New York.
C. L. VAN DE WATER, Secretary.

PRACTICAL.

SUSAN (after the proposal). — And
shall I have to send back all the letters
I ever received from my former ad-
mirers?

TOM.—Oh, no! They may come in
handy for lighting the kitchen fire some
morning after we are married. —*Brook-
lyn Eagle.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINN'S
SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes
the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind
colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

**"THE HOLDFAST" SINGLE LACE
ON SHOES,** saves tying and untying 1460 knots
a year. With it, no hard knots, no untied laces.
Pair of Holdfasts, with fine laces and tool to apply,
15 cents; two for 25 cents.

RIGBY & CO., Cable Building, New York City.

CLARA.—Were there any marrying
men at the Beach this Summer?

CORA.—Yes; there were two minis-
ters and a Justice of the Peace. —*Yon-
kers Statesman.*

PUCK'S OPPER BOOK.

PRICE, 30 CENTS.

All Newsdealers. By Mail, 35 Cts.

KNEW THE MAN.

"Smith says he has the key to the
situation."

"Shut the door! He'll be here in
less than ten minutes to borrow a dollar
to get the lock!" —*Atlanta Constitution.*



MR. REDINK.—Yes, Clara Goldrox; if, as you say, your father has failed and is financially ruined, our engagement must terminate forthwith. I can not marry a penniless girl. Good-by!



CLARA.—Yes, father; Mr. Redink has broken our engagement, but don't be disheartened. It will leave me better able to cheer and comfort you and Mother in your great misfortune.



CLARA.—See, father; when you were rich you told me to learn to do something useful. I am an expert on the typewriter, and here's an advertisement for a lady typewriter. I shall apply for the position.



MR. BULLION (*the Merchant Prince*).—I'm afraid a young woman who has been raised in luxury will hardly make a good employee; but, as you appear to know your business, I will give you a trial.



MR. REDINK (*to fellow-clerk*).—Yes, Bob; it's mighty strange! Only two weeks ago I was engaged to marry that girl. But no one could expect a man with my personal attractions to marry a girl whose father is a hopeless bankrupt.



MR. REDINK.—Miss Goldrox, you must not presume on our former acquaintance to call me by my first name. I am your superior here, and you—merely a typewriter.



MR. BULLION.—Mr. Goldrox, I hired your daughter about three months ago as typewriter, but she does not suit me in that capacity—I think she will do better as my wife, and we have come to ask your consent.



MRS. REDINK.—Who is that handsome woman in that fashionable turnout you just spoke to?
MR. REDINK.—That's Mrs. Bullion; the wife of the man I was employed by about five years ago. I knew her when she was his typewriter.